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Kaspars Bariss

THE GLASSED COBRA IS SITTING ON THE BENCH

Spectacled cobra sits on a bench,
And eyes on others,
There is no shame, there is no honor either,
I don't like Pepsi Cola.

Spectacled cobra sits and sits,
What is it waiting for, what is it looking for?
Maybe waiting for it to be good?
No, snow and rain upon us!

A small schoolboy passes by,
Maybe you want to see a snake?
The sun rises, the sun sets,
Thunder beats his drum.

In the nature of Latvia and in the wild of the world,
Spectacled cobra sits on a bench,
in Europe, Africa, Asia and America,,
A minimum of storms and a promise of rain.

Do not call people names
For spectacled cobras,
Which are sitting on the bench
And the eyes were on me.

Both the world everywhere will know
Where the spectacled cobra sits,
I don't understand where I'm going
Don't step on the snakes that are glaring at me!